THE WORLD.

NUMBER CXLVII.

By *ADAM FITZ-ADAM.*

To be continued every THURSDAY.

THURSDAY, *October* the 23d, 1755.

I AM favoured with the following letter by a correſpondent, who (if I am not miſtaken in the hand) has once obliged me before. I cannot better teſtify my approbation of what he writes, than by deſiring a repetition of his favours, as often as he has leiſure and inclination to oblige me. It is chiefly owing to the aſſiſtance of ſuch correſpondents, that this paper has extended it's date beyond the uſual period of ſuch kind of productions; and (if I may be allowed to ſay it) they have given it a variety, which could hardly have been accompliſhed by one ſingle hand. Whether it be modeſty or vanity that compels me to this confeſſion,

ſion, I ſhall leave the reader to determine, after telling him that it is to the full as pleaſing to me not to have been thought unworthy of the aſſiſtance I have received, as it would to have been myſelf the compoſer of the moſt approved pieces of this collection.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM,

SIR,

IN this land of liberty, he who can procure a printer, commences author, and inſtructs the public. Far be it from me to cenſure this ſpirit of adviſing, ſo prevalent among my honoured countrymen; for to this we owe treatiſes of divinity by tallow-chandlers, and declamations on politics by apothecaries.

YOU muſt no doubt have obſerved, that every man who is in poſſeſſion of a diamond, arrogates to himſelf this privilege of inſtructing others: hence it is that the panes of windows in all places of public reſort, are ſo amply furniſhed with miſcellaneous obſervations, by various authors.

ONE advice may be given to all writers, whether on paper or on glaſs; and it is comprehended in the ſingle word THINK. My purpoſe at preſent is to illuſtrate this maxim, in as far as it reſpects the latter ſort of authors.

I DIVIDE the authors who exerciſe the diamond, into four claſſes; the *politicians*, the *hiſtorians*, the *lovers*, and the *ſatyriſts*.

THE myſtery, or art of politics, is the buſineſs of every one, who either has nothing to do, or who cares not to do any thing; as a broken merchant is often made a tide-waiter. Hence ſo many *politicians* make their appearance on glaſs. It is there that controverſies

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of a political nature are daily agitated: in them the eſtabliſhed laws of controverſy are obſerved; ſome one aſſerts the truth of a propoſition; another contradicts him; rogue and raſcal are immediately dealt about, and the matter originally in diſpute, is no more heard of.

Now, Mr. Fitz-Adam, if theſe gentlemen would be but pleaſed to THINK, and keep their temper, how might the world be edified! One might acquire as much uſeful knowledge by travelling poſt through England, as ever the philoſophers of Athens did by lounging in their portico's; and our great turnpike roads would afford as compleat a ſyſtem of politics, as that which Plato picked up in his Egyptian rambles. In a word, the debates on the windows at the George or the Bell, might prove no leſs inſtructive, than the debates of the political club, or the ſociety at the ROBIN HOOD.

WERE this propoſed reformation to take place, the contracters for the magazines of Knowledge and Pleaſure might forage ſucceſsfully on window-glaſs. But I need not inſiſt farther on theſe conſiderations; their zeal for the public ſervice is well known: with the view of amuſing and inſtructing, they have not only ranſacked the records of paſtry-ſchools, and the manuſcript collections of good houſewives for receipts in cookery, but they have conſulted the monuments of the dead, for delightful blunders, and merry epitaphs.

THE *hiſtorians* on glaſs are of various ſorts: ſome are *chronologers*, and content themſelves with informing us that they were at ſuch a place, on ſuch a day, in their way to this or that town or county. Others are *chorographers*, and minutely deſcribe the nature and condition of the highways and the landladies. A third ſort may be termed *annaliſts*, who imagine that a fact deſerves to

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be recorded, merely becauſe it is a fact; and on this account, gravely tell the world that on ſuch a day they fell in love, or got drunk, or did ſome other thing of equal inſignificancy.

A LITTLE thought would abridge the labour of theſe *hiſtorians*. Let them reflect on the nothingneſs of ſuch incidents, and ſurely they will abſtain from recording them. In common life, minute relations of trifles are neceſſary: man is a ſociable and a talkative animal; and as the bulk of mankind cannot communicate to others what they have *thought*, they muſt content themſelves with relating what they have *ſeen*. On this principle are moſt coffee-houſe-ſocieties eſtabliſhed. But why muſt a man be dull and narrative on window-glaſs? Let him reſerve his dullneſs for the club night, and, as Dogberry in the play ſays, beſtow all his tediouſneſs on his own companions.

I NOW proceed to the moſt numerous tribe of all, the *lovers*; and ſhall only hint at ſome enormities in their conduct. And firſt of all, as to their cuſtom of writing the names of their miſtreſſes with *anno domini* at the end of them; as if the chronicles of love were to be as exactly kept as a pariſh regiſter. To what good purpoſe can this ſerve? To inſcribe the names of fair ladies on glaſs may indeed convey a pretty moral ſignification; ſince female charms are properly enough recorded on tablets of a frail nature: but when the year of admiration is added, what elderly woman is there who can pretend to youthfulneſs? Her waiting maid may extoll her good looks; her mirror may deceive her; powder of pearl and Spaniſh wool may favour the illuſion; but *pretty miſs Such-a-one* 1730, is an argument of antiquity, which neither flattery nor paint can refute.

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THE *lovers* alſo deſerve cenſure for their humour of writing in verſe. Becauſe all poets are ſaid to be lovers, theſe gentlemen ſagely conclude that all lovers are poets; and on the faith of this inverted aphoriſm, they commence rhymers. He who cannot compoſe a ſermon, does well to read the works of another. This example ought to be imitated by the herd of lovers. Prior and Hammond are at their ſervice; their only care ought to be in the application. And yet this caution, ſimple as it is, has been neglected by many lovers, who have condeſcended to ſteal. Hence it is that the wealth of the eaſt is frequently declared inſufficient for the purchaſe of a girl, who would be dear at half a crown; and Milton's deſcription of the mother of human kind, perverted to the praiſe of ſome little milliner.

THE *ſatyriſts* come now to be conſidered. Theſe men are certainly of a ſtrange compoſition. While dinner is getting ready, they amuſe themſelves in making out a liſt of all the faults, real or imaginary, which may be imputed to any of their acquaintance. Incapable of reflection, they know not how to employ their time, and therefore wound and murder the fame of men better and wiſer than themſelves. If I am not miſtaken, a defamation is no leſs puniſhable when inſcribed on glaſs, than when committed to paper. This conſideration may prevent fools from ſcattering arrows and death, although reaſon and humanity cannot.

BUT the chief of all *ſatyriſts* are they who ſcribble obſcenity on windows. Every word which they write is a ſevere reflection on themſelves, and, in the judgment of foreigners, on their country. What opinion muſt foreigners entertain of a nation, where infamous ribaldry meets the eye on every window? An enormity, peculiar,

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